

THE DAILY CLARION.

VOL. VI.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1868.

NO. 108.

From the Jackson Methodist.
THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

BY REV. J. M. PUGH.

While wandering a pilgrim, away from my home,
I seek for no pleasure which the world can bestow,
Neither fortune's allurements nor fame's gilded
chain can enter my affections on things here below.

Na, look not the treasures of fair opah's strand,
The riches of Peru, or India's bright shore;

The pearl from the ocean, or the gem from the land;

Nor the undying name of the heroes of yore.

But give to my bosom the balmy reflection,
As through the sad vale of my pilgrimage I

That Jesus, my Saviour—oh, sweet refection!

Will bear my blest spirit to you heaven, my

home.

Though enduring the friendships, and golden the
chain,

That unto faithful hearts, ere they enter the
grave,

I would sever them all for the One who was slain,
To rescue a lost world, and poor mortals to
save.

How precious the treasure, how unbounded the
treasure,

That was purchased by blood from Immanuel's
veins;

How precious the bliss of the ransomed above,

Whose instruments have been cleaned from pol-

ution and stains.

With that love in my heart which religion in-

spires,

This world seems a shadow, and vanity its store;

Some faints the lour from the brow of our

few fleeting ear pleasures—oh, how soon are
they over!

Then wreaths not my brow with the bright gar-

lands of earth;

So give me a place in her fanciful bower;

Neither fill up my cup with the pleasures of mar-

ots,

Nor strew in my pathway the conqueror's flow-

ers.

But enough my brow with the chaplet of love,

Which the good shall receive on eternity's
shore;

And give me a passport to the Eden above—

The sweet smiles of my Saviour—I ask for no
more.

How dreary and desolate this world would ap-

pear,

How cheerless, how darksome would be time's
flowing stream,

Did the light of religion not dry the sad tear,

And hope shed a lustre over life's changing
dream.

The grave has no terror to the Christian singer;

Its cold, gloomy portals are lighted by the beam

Which comes from Jesus; His smile shall ap-

pear,

And dispel the chilling mist o'er death's sombre

stream.

With Imanuel my guide, I dread not the tomb,

The embraces of death, nor Jordan's chilly

wave;

Since I've had compassion and has power to save,

My spirit above, on that beautiful shore.

Where none but the righteous can ever abide.

When the rude storms of my pilgrimage are

over,

Many a spirit thus ransomed, forever reside

In that Eden above, on that beautiful shore.

For the Lord, in His mercy, my portion shall be;

Yea, my Saviour has promised to be with me

there.

And when the rude storms of my pilgrimage are

over,

Many a spirit thus ransomed, forever reside

In that Eden above, on that beautiful shore.

When I'm gone to the grave, oh, do not deplore

me!

From the tolls of my pilgrimage fore'er I'll rest;

I'll meet the glad welcome of those gone before

me,

And feast on love's banquet in the home of the

best.

From the Guide:

JEHOVAH'S ARMY.

BY MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

O, army of Jehovah!

In girded strength we stand,

While sin with swift and giant stride

Encompasseth the land.

With song and glad rejoicing,

In Zion's court ye stay,

And thinks, perchance, the battle rings

The while ye praise and pray.

As ye call God your Leader,

And hope to win the prize,

Ye must go forth with armor on,

And fight for victories.

Put on your shining garments,

Your blood-washed robes of snow,

So shall ye more serene and strong.

Nor fear, nor danger know.

With holy zeal and ardor,

And courage born of love;

Though marshalled hosts your way oppose,

Ye shall triumph prove.

With patience bravely daring

Until the strife be past,

From conquest here to glory there,

Ye shall ascend at last.

SUPPORT AT LAST.

Let reason vainly boast her power

To teach her children how to die:

The sinner, in a dying hour,

Needs not more reason to supply.

A view of Christ, the sinner's Friend,

Alone can cheer him in the end.

When nature sinks beneath disease,

And every earthly hope is fled,

What then can give the sinner ease,

And make him love a dying bed?

Jesus! Thy smile his heart can cheer;

He's blest, even then, if Thou art near.

The gospel does salvation bring.

And Jesus is the gospel theme;

In death, redeemed sinners sing

And triumph in the Saviour's name;

Death! where is thy sting? they cry,

"O grave! where is thy victory?"

Then let me die the death of death.

Whom Jesus washes in His blood;

Who on His faithfulness repose,

And know that He indeed is God,

Around His throne we all shall meet

And cast our crowns beneath His feet.

From the Texas Christian Advocate.]

MY BIBLE.

BY L. H. CORLEY.

When sorrow crowds around my pathway,

And darkness thick is falling o'er me,

Sweet Bible, then my only solace,

With joy I fondly turn to thee.

When sickness and disease have bound me,

And pains run through my body free,

The only comfort then I cherish

Is golden grains I find in thee.

When friends forsake, or sternly chide me,

When no consoling joy I see,

Tis then I fondly grasp my treasure,

And lasting pleasures find in thee.

Oh, yes! when gay and light my hours,

And happiness has come to me,

'Tis still a greater joy than any,

Sweet Bible, that I find in thee.

And when the wing of Death shall hover

Around my home, overshadowing me,

Oh, let my dying moments brightly

Shine with the joy I find in thee.

And when the wing of Death shall hover

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